



当我遇见你

谁赋深情



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晋江文学城

When I Met You

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Part 1

When I Met You - Part 1

Alright so, here's the first of 3 parts for When I Met You. We'll be translating the other short stories as time permits after we finish this up. Also a note, this story is actually 1 continuous story, we just decided to break it into three parts due to time constraints. And don't worry we'll be coming out with God's Left Hand as usual on Saturday mornings.

Actually, I already met you before. But at that moment, I didn't realize that our fates had already been intertwined.

Winter in Beijing is much colder than back at my home town. It was so cold that when I sat on the bench inside Zhao Yang Park crying, the sadness wasn't even the first thing on my mind--- ---Because it was so cold, it seemed that every drop of tear would instantly freeze into ice. Therefore, I had to stop crying every so often, look up, and use napkins to wipe the tears. Then--- ---continue crying again.

Suddenly, I felt something different. I was somewhat startled. Then I realized that it was a napkin moving towards my face. I probably had cried myself silly, so I unconsciously reached out for the napkins next to me. Sure enough, there wasn't any left. I looked up and saw him.

This was how I met Jia Han for the first time. He sat there, nodded

slightly to me, and sincerely passed over the napkin. I knew it was his own napkin, not stealing from those I had put on the bench. I, with my bad taste, still liked to use napkins with the fragrance of floral water. But this one in his hand had no scent at all.

His lips slightly tightened with a somewhat pent-up frustrated look. But what I could see on his face from beginning to end was an unperturbed calming smile.

He's maybe a few years older than me. As I was thinking about this, I hesitantly took the napkin and quietly said: thanks. Afterwards, I couldn't help myself from sizing him up.

As I looked back now, maybe the only reason that I had talked so much that day--- ---I, underestimated him.

I was quite surprised after I looked more closely. He was sitting right in front of me. But right in front of me was the main passageway of the park, then he--- ---I immediately saw the wheelchair under him. This may have been the reason that I let down all my guards. Unconsciously I must have thought that, because of his disability, even if he harbored any evil ideas it would be difficult for him to carry them out. So, I poured out all the words that had been buried for a long time inside of me.

I cried a few more times in between. Words became unclear when I tried to talk while crying. Maybe my vision was blurry, but he seemed to come closer and carefully looked at my face. Ha, I self-mockingly thought, maybe, a crying beauty is still a beauty.

Just like this, maybe it lasted only ten minutes. But after I vented all my emotions, I suddenly discovered--- ---that the sun was beaming high in the sky. I thought, this was where the idiom “every cloud has a silver lining” came from! ^[1] Even though this stranger didn’t say a word or show any emotion, I was still very thankful for that piece of napkin he handed to me on that freezing morning. Maybe without it, I would come down with a cold after I got home.

His nurse or assistant rushed over, panting. “Your older brother insisted that I bring this over.”

I looked more closely, it’s a thin blanket. The young man didn’t show any objection. His assistant opened the blanket and put it on his lap.

The legs were long, but very thin. Without knowing why, my heart sighed.

I got up, thanking him again and said my goodbye: “Thanks, I got to go.....”

I didn’t expect to see him frowning and looking at my side. I finally realized that the trash, which I had created while I was crying myself out, had piled up into a little white mound. With an embarrassed smile, I hastily scooped them up and quickly threw them into the trash can nearby. I turned and showed him both my hands. I mean, I am environmentally conscious.

I wasn’t mentally prepared to see him open his mouth and smile. I didn’t know that a man’s smile could be so comforting and beautiful. I think my heart probably fell for him right at that very moment. Even though I wouldn’t

admit it for a long time afterwards.

[1]: The Chinese idiom is “雨过天晴” which literally means a clear sky comes after the pouring rain, which is essentially the same meaning as the English idiom “every cloud has a silver lining.”

Part 2

When I Met You - Part 2

Well the story escalated and went to a dark place in 2 paragraphs...
Anyhow, enjoy!

It was two months later when I met Jia Han again. My close childhood friend and I came to Beijing to try to make something of ourselves. However, one night in late autumn, she killed herself after making a last phone call to me. She had been confiding to me that her superior in the office would inappropriately touch her from time to time. When she was telling all these, sometimes helpless and sometimes sad, I would always console her and say, if she couldn't take it anymore, let's just change jobs.....who would know that she was gone without turning my words into reality.

I was blaming myself and determined to find out the truth. I was in and out of her company trying to find any witness or anyone who knew anything. The result of my endless rushing about was that I got fired from my own company. And there's no company in my field would dare to hire me anymore, because my reputation was--- ---terrible.

I read in the newspaper that there was girl who put on her contract with the hiring company clearly stated that sexual harassment was not allowed. Then, this girl was ridiculed by the company and no company would

interview her for the next three months. If I had read this before, I would probably laugh it off disapprovingly. But right at this moment I could deeply felt

how difficult it is to cry out for help for a female in this male dominating society. Even so, I'm still willing to fight for the justice that my departed best friend deserved.

To make a living, I was forced to do odd jobs. I had some fine arts training back in college and had volunteered as a docent at museums, therefore, I decided to try my luck at art galleries in Beijing to work as an art dealer.

I took a deep breath and walked into the Zi Xiao Gallery at the Xintiandi shopping district. After some observation, it seemed that there was only one person working there. The gallery was decorated in an elegant light blue tone. About a dozen paintings densely hung inside a space of roughly 200 square meters. I carefully looked around, there were no price tags around the paintings. I knew, either the owner of the gallery was arrogant or he was playing some tricks. I decided to give it a try. When I was in college, I had had this “excellent performance” of auctioning off a painting appraised at \$20 for \$2,500 at a mock auction. These kind of paintings without a price tag were just right for me to unleash my talent. Furthermore, I needed money to file a lawsuit for my friend.

While I was pondering, Jia Han came right next to me without me noticing it. I just felt a shadow under my right hand side. I hastily lowered my head.

I was somewhat startled. This time he was wearing a fitting black suit with a fashionable black framed glasses on his face. I didn't know why but

felt that his aura was quite in tune with this location. He seemed to have an innate sensitivity for arts. If my impression of him at the Zhao Yang Park was a boy next door, then at this moment he was a capable professional. I decided to show off a bit.

“What a coincidence, Mister., we meet again!”

He smiled gently.

“I’m here to see the paintings, you too?”

He nodded.

“Are you here to buy painting? Is it alright to let me talk about my take on this painting?”

He looked at me with great interest, which made me quite happy. I started to blurt out words.

“The style of this painting is somewhat imitating Monet.....look at that line, that composition, and the use of colors. But it still has its own characteristic, because the natural scenery is Chinese, haha!” I blurted out without thinking, after seeing the little house in the painting looked like a Chinese pavilion. At that moment, it was impossible for me to think that I would come upon an expert.

He looked at me with a faint smile and then glanced behind my back. A little while later, a staff handed over a pamphlet. My face quickly turned red after I looked at the pamphlet. It turned out that this painting was a reproduction of Monet's "The Basin at Argenteuil".^[1]

It's too embarrassing. I had better go~~was what I was thinking, he handed me a piece of paper. "You have good eyesight. At least you can tell it's Monet."

I took over the piece of paper with shaking hands. I stared at him quietly. Why did he write it to me, not say it to me? There's only one reason, he--- ---is a mute.

All of sudden, I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what kind of attitude I should use to face him? At the same time, a strange idea came to my head; he actually didn't hear a thing when I was pouring out to him at the park. There's no doubt that, as a confidant, he's very reliable.....Bah! I despised myself. I stopped this train of thought and straightened myself up to say goodbye to him.

Right at that moment, he pulled my hand and put another piece of paper in it. I opened it and saw, "I need an arts salesperson, are you willing to come?"

This was how I became the salesperson at the Zi Xiao Gallery. Jia Han gave me a very good rate for commissions. I was happy that I could work here.

Jia Han wrote his name to me. I curled up my lips. “But, what’s your last name?” I suddenly realized that he couldn’t hear, so I was looking for a pen in my bag to write it down for him.

He shook his head, pointing to his own lips, then looked at me again. I thought for a while then asked, “You can understand what I’m saying by looking at me?”

He nodded, then shook a bit.

“You can only understand some?”

He stucked out his thumb to show his agreement. It seemed that Jia Han didn’t want to stay on this topic too much. He just pointed to the name “Zi Xiao Gallery” on the pamphlet and tapped on it.

“Zi Xiao, Zi Xiao……”, it suddenly clicked, “Could it be that your last name is Sun?”^[2]

He showed his white teeth; there was more approval than happiness on his face. After a while, he handed over one more piece of paper. “I like having a smart employee.”

[1]: We tried to look up what Monet's “秋日景色” (Lit. autumn day scenery) was exactly and google seems to suggest that it's Claude Monet's “The Basin at Argenteuil.” Though we think maybe “Autumn on the Seine, Argenteuil” would be a better fit? Well there's no pagoda in either of them.

[2]: This is a play on Chinese characters so let me try to explain. The name of the gallery, Zi Xiao, in Chinese is 梓晓 which is the same pronunciation as 子小 which when combined together makes the word 孙 which is pronounced “sun”. (Note: This only works in simplified Chinese.)

Part 3

When I Met You - Part 3

Sorry for the super late update. I had a busy day today. Here's the final part of the short story "When I Met You." Hope you guys enjoyed it. Next one will probably be Simulcasting Love, so look forward to that.

After a few months on the job, I had learned some basic sign language. Sometimes, I could even use sign language to argue with him. His paintings were never hanging on the wall in the gallery. Because, whenever he painted a piece, the painting would be bought by his friends or some rich person who was attracted by his fame before it could be hung on the wall. I always laughed at him. "Your paintings have a market but no works."

He wasn't offended. He just pushed his wheelchair to the front of the a piece of fabric. He took out a pen from his pocket. One of the staff took the piece off from the wall and took it out of the frame. He then added a few strokes onto it in a breeze. When it was put back on the wall, its style had been completely altered. He signed proudly, "This is my work now. I have a painting on the market!"

Later on, that staff person seemed to know when to show up and when to disappear. There was only the two of us at the galley.

One day, I said to Jia Han slowly, “Thank you for giving me the job. You are a big help to me.”

He smiled. “I know what you have been doing takes a lot of money. So, that’s that.”

“That day I had said a lot. You knew all of it?”

“Even though it wasn’t quite clear, but you had repeated it numerous times. I saw that you kept saying: I need a job, I need a job.....”

This time, we talked in depth. I began to understand how difficult Jia Han’s life was, how hard he had struggled, and how strong his determination was.

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When his elder brother, Sun Jia Hao, came to fire me, I finally saw the other side of Jia Han. That day, he’s so dashing, so tough, and argued so intensely. His imposing manner shocked even his brother.

His brother probably already talked with him before, but he didn’t heed any of it. The result was that his brother came to the gallery directly this day and Jia Han was stopped outside the front door. His brother and his staff came in and locked the door.

“Shen Shan, you better resign yourself. Otherwise, you will just be fired one more time.”

Jia Han could see everything through the glass door. He hit hard on the door trying to get in.

His brother didn't pay any attention to him and said to me, “I do not wish to see any damage to our family business and reputation caused by you. So, please, behave yourself.”

I was so angry. It turned out that the guy who sexually harassed my friend was now working as the sales director in their company. The Sun family relied on his excellent ability and trusted him, so they needed to get rid of me.

At this moment, one of his brother's assistants shouted out. “Sir, look at your brother.....”

His brother hurried turned around to take a look. Jia Han was on the ground twitching.

“Jia Han!” Indeed, blood is thicker than water. Sun Jia Hao forgot about me, hastily opened the door and rushed outside.

I had never seen Jia Han in such a flustered condition. His brother wanted to carry him on his back, but he emphatically refused. He signed quickly, “If you still acknowledge that I have full control of the gallery, then

don't get involved."

"We've known Lao Xu for so many years, how can you.....no, let's go to the hospital first!"

"Elder brother, one thing at a time. I have to solve this matter first!"

"Jia Han, you don't understand. When it comes to sexual harassment, it becomes a matter of he said and she said. Isn't it just a bunch of empty words?"

"I just know that people should do what is just. Besides....."

He hadn't finished signing, his brother already couldn't wait any longer. "Hurry, to the hospital!" He wanted to carry him on his back after speaking, but Jia Han held tight onto the door with both hands. With tightened lips, his eyes showed the kind of determination that I had never seen before.

His brother gave in to his stubbornness. He couldn't help but sigh. "Even if it was sexual harassment, how can you be sure that she isn't just some gold digger?"

I couldn't watch any more. I knelt down to massage his legs. He looked at me and I just signed slowly, "I'll resign first. I don't want to see you brothers fighting." I continued to massage his legs, but they were trembling so hard. My god, did he experience this often? When he has a spasm attack, it's really like a living hell. I saw sweat fall down drop after drop and I

almost couldn't stop myself from crying.

Jia Han looked at me, while continuing to sign quickly to his brother, "The one Lao Xu sexually harassed is not her, it's her friend who had killed herself already!"

His brother startled. "What?" Evidently, Lao Xu didn't tell him the truth.

Finally, his brother sighed. "But you have to know, Lao Xu is a talented man....."

Jia Han's eyebrows tightly frowned. "We don't need a talented but immoral person!"

In the end, his brother stopped fighting with him, and we all went to the hospital.

His brother was like a changed person. He wanted me to keep Jia Han company overnight.

Jia Han saw my reddish eyes and comforted me with a smile. "You're so silly. I'm not hurting, it's just spasms."

I couldn't hold back my tears. "You don't have any feeling in your legs?"

"Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. Anyway.....don't cry now!"

“Jia Han, sorry to have trouble you so much. Wuwuwu^[1].....”

“It’s not a big deal. I want to help you. You are so kind-hearted, but there’s still people who would mistake you as an evil woman. I can’t stand this kind of misunderstanding. Therefore, I want to help you, help you fight for the justice your friend deserved.”

“Jia Han, wuwu.....”

“Shen Shan, I like you.”

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The day I returned home, my mom passed out. Her blood pressure went up and had to lie down when she heard that I was going to marry a deaf, mute, and paralyzed person.

But I’m not discouraged.

Jia Han can endure the pressure. I can too. From the moment I met him, it was our destiny to be together.

I will wait with Jia Han for the day this world finally accepts us.

[1]: Chinese sound effects. The character 鸣 is used mainly for humming or whimpering sounds and in pinyin it's pronounced "wu".